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NOTICE.

For the future the "Academy" will be published only once a month. Owing to the War the paper has been running at a loss for a long time past. Although we have never looked for profit we are not millionaires and necessity compels us to make this (we hope) temporary change. Our next issue will appear on October 16th.

THE EDITORS.

THE GIFT.

You and I 'gainst odds together fought and, wounded, fell.
Had I more than vanity? had you more than hell?
They say of those who fight the fight they wear a deathless crown.
You saw the crown of thorns alone, the cross that bowed Him down.

And I who neither cross nor crown have seen, who only grope
In darkness by the heavy hill, whose only star is hope—

Will silent be, who have no more than Silence to bestow,
But you who stood and fought with me will feel it—and will know.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Mr. Asquith has told the House of Commons that he will make no statement with regard to conscription until the Cabinet, "without undue delay, and with as much deliberation as the gravity of the subject demands," arrive at their conclusions. By the conscriptionists this is held to mean that the dream of their lives is about to materialise; by the anti-conscrip-

tionists it is held to mean that it means nothing at all. And for our own part we are not greatly concerned either way; but we do know this: that before conscription can even be discussed seriously in Parliament there must be a general election, and as a general election is the last thing in the world that Mr. Asquith is likely to venture upon, there will be no conscription in England. If the only way to kill militarism is to give it free rein at home, we had better not kill it.

We notice that the *Saturday Review* has burst once again into song. "P." is the initial of our contemporary's chief chorister this week, and a very good initial, too; though we should have preferred to have a name. But though modest about his name, "P." is not in the least modest in his view as to the intention of the universe. In fact, "P." appears to consider that the whole bright world, including the war, has been got up specially for his own advantage and behoof. In a lengthy and irregular lyric, dated Artois, August 29th, 1915, he points out that the past year has been quite spoilt for him by the enemy. The War, he assures us, has prevented him from gathering the guerdon of the summer hours in all his fields of memory. "P" doubtless knows what this means, and so possibly does the editor of the *Saturday Review*, but we must be forgiven if we say frankly that we find ourselves entirely unable to share that perception. One scrap of comfort remains for us, however, which is that "P" is the possessor of a wondrous faith, for he winds up his "plaining of a hapless doom" as follows:—

And so my fields must lie
Unreaped ungathered till I die
And yield their least to God;
Then will I know that He,
Who does all things wondrously,
Shall show me Heaven's granies up-piled
With mellow fruit of this my year unharvested.

Somehow, we don't know why, these lines remind us of the potato harvest in Germany.

Then in a sort of back pen or subsidiary position the editor of the *Saturday Review* prints a ghastly joke by Mr. D. S. MacColl. This Mr. MacColl seems to be the King Charles' Head of the lyrical side of the *Saturday Review*. In good times and bad, seedtime and harvest, famine and plenty, Mr. MacColl is served out to us in the *Saturday* without the slightest regard to the fact that our contemporary costs us a sixpence, otherwise known as a "tizzy,"

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every week of its life. Here is a verse of Mr. MacColl.

All is not lost : amid a thriftless nation
That squanders life and limb of maimed and dead
One party saves a strangely prized possession,
The Independent Labour Party keeps its head.

When Mr. D. S. MacColl learns to keep his head he may perhaps also learn to scan. He may further learn that it is impossible to squander the life of the dead, and that "nation" and "possession" are not rhymes. Doggerel of this sort would be a disgrace to a parish magazine, and why Mr. MacColl should be allowed to print it in the *Saturday* requires explanation. Perhaps, in his next issue, the editor of the *Saturday* will take us into his confidence on the matter.

We have looked through the current *Spectator* and we find nothing in it of note, save and except the following entrancing line:—

Bank rate 5 per cent. changed from 6 per cent.
August 8th, 1914.

These plaintive figures evidently refer to old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago.

The Headmaster of Shrewsbury in a letter to the *Times* drawing attention to the prevailing suspicion in regard to war profits, tells us, rightly enough, that the real question before the Government is that of their abolition, until which "suspicion will inevitably continue." But in asking what is the obstacle in the way of so desirable a consummation he proceeds to the following gentle bleatings:—

It is not undue sympathy on the part of the Government with profit-makers; Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Bristol has made that plain. It is not the fear of protests in the Press; you have, if I am not mistaken, repeatedly supported such a measure. It is most assuredly not the fear of public opinion, which would be overwhelmingly on the side of such legislation. The professional classes have borne their own burdens as best they could, but they have no more sympathy than the working classes with the abnormal profits made out of the country's need.

It is time, in fact, to ask the plain question. Who does want to make profit out of the crisis? When that question has been answered it will be time for the nation to decide what shall be allowed, but I am much mistaken if the demand will be either loud or clear. When every class has given of its own flesh and blood with such splendid readiness, it is impossible to believe that any will haggle over money.

It is not surprising that the evil of which men are capable is not understood of schoolmasters who have to deal with the mere naughtiness of boys. The simple faith which accepts at face value statements by Mr. Lloyd George and the *Times* newspaper, and which asks, "Who does want to make profit out of the crisis?" may be better than Norman blood, but it will

not greatly perturb those persons who do want to make profits out of the crisis, and who will continue to make them while no more forcible protests are uttered than that of the Headmaster of Shrewsbury.

Religion and Mr. Harold Begbie being in Fleet Street one and indivisible, we are not surprised to find that Mr. Begbie has been interviewing the head of the Salvation Army upon the subject of the war. And it seems to have been an interview very satisfactory to all concerned. We are given from the head of the Salvation Army God's exact position in the matter, and from Mr. Begbie—doubtless by way of a little local colour—the following account of an "incident from France":—

Two ladies sang recently at an entertainment given in one of the huts. They were rather elaborately gowned, and they sang the usual vulgar songs from contemporary comic operas. At the conclusion of the entertainment a young sergeant was called upon to propose a vote of thanks. He fulfilled this duty quite civilly, but added: "At the same time, I should like to say that many of us would have preferred songs which would have given us something to think about on our way up to the front."

We know that young sergeant! If he exists outside the dreams of the ineffable Harold, and has been "up to the front," he has had some of the priggishness startled out of him. If he is still at the base it is to be hoped he is enjoying the company of real, healthy English Tommies.

"If there is anything at all in the theory that England is a democratic country, so very important a matter as conscription cannot possibly be settled without a general election. And even then, what of our armies in the field? Are they to have no voice in the decision?"

The Academy, 4th Sept.

"The nation wishes to know what soldiers think and desire. . . ."

The Editor of the *Saturday Review* in the *Morning Post*, 8th Sept.

"How will our soldiers vote?"

Austin Harrison in the *Sunday Pictorial*, 12th Sept.

One of those persons to whom Shakespeare is a sort of Mother Shipton rather than a poet, sends us a long screed with quotations purposed to prove, "beyond the shadow of a doubt," as our correspondent puts it, that the Bard fully anticipated the present War. Here is a quotation from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* regarding Zeppelin raids on London:—

Oberon.—That very time I saw but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west . . .

This will never do. London as a "fair vestal throned by the west" we are willing to accept *Percy Shelley*, who compared it to hell, but all the sophis-

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tries in the world will not induce us to see a Hun in the guise of Cupid. We have no reason to suspect our correspondent of pro-German sympathies, and he may take it from us that if Shakespeare had really had prevision of the German frightfulness that was to be he would have written something about it that might have frozen the marrow. In Shakespeare's time the German character was none too highly esteemed in England. It was known for its brutishness, boorishness and hoggishness, and there are odd passages of the Bard which reflect this fact. Of course it is easy to find passages which are applicable to the War in almost any classic, the reason being that human nature has always been human nature, and human wickedness human wickedness.

We gather from the *Atlantic Monthly* that Mr. Edward Garnett has discovered a new American poet. The name of the new luminary is somewhat ominous, for it is Frost. Mr. Garnett offers us examples of him, and we can only say that if Mr. Frost has written no better poetry than is represented by Mr. Garnett's examples, he is no poet at all. Before Mr. Garnett goes hunting for new poets it seems to us that he might very well read some of the old ones. Frost is a mere prose man, and a very silly prose man at that.

A conscriptionist paper, the *Evening News*, which is never tired of reminding us of our duty to our Allies, prints an article by a neutral observer, from which we take the following:—

It would be absurd to say that the Germans like fighting the British troops. In my hotel an officer said to me: "The Russians are blockheads and the French are women. But to throw yourself against the English is to smash your head on a rock."

We had occasion recently to call the attention of the authorities to the insulting vapourings of the editor of the *English Review*. Our Allies may be assured that writers, neutral or otherwise, of the Harmsworth school do not represent decent English opinion.

Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, *The Research Magnificent*, will be published on September 21st by Messrs. Macmillan.

We note with pleasure the announcement of a new book of essays by Mr. Arthur Symons to be published shortly by Messrs. Constable.

MRS. RAWLINGS.

She was one of my friend's gallery of women.

"She lived," he said, "in an atrociously modern villa on the outskirts of the town, and fairly shone amongst the provincials. At least Jardine said so; he told me to go and see her. I was sent to her as to one of the Enlightened. I can't describe what she was like; perhaps it will do if I call her a Raphael Madonna out of drawing and with a bad complexion. There was the same sort of wistful maternity about her. She was long and thin, flat as a plank, and wore a serge dress that defies description. It turned out to be an invention of her own, a by-product of the Handicraft Guild in which she was interested. . . .

"Well, I went to the modern villa, and, finding (as I might have expected) no door-bell or knocker, I tapped. I waited some time, tapped again, and at last, after an increasing commotion inside, Mrs. Rawlings herself opened the door, nervously apologetic and covered with flour! Jardine, it seems, had paved the way. She knew me at once and rushed at me with trembling effusiveness. She had been making cakes, she explained, and the children had been helping her as the nurse was out. Two of them peeped, and scuttled away through an open door. We got somehow into the sitting-room. . . .

"I got to know the glorious uncertainty of the house later on; how you could never be certain if you were going to have a meal or a sudden influx of dirtied children; but now the room, an obviously "designed" room, seemed to me particularly untidy and bare, white walls, oaken furniture, two long photographic reproductions of Michael Angelo, a case of worn books, a heap of dress material, a hideously disfigured doll under one chair and a tattered picture book and a headless horse beside another. The garden through French windows gave a pleasant relief of green. . . .

"She had gone out to get the flour off her hands, and now returned and drew me into conversation at once. She had a way of taking a long breath and smiling after she had spoken, and a general air of one who says, 'Oh, please don't let's talk about the weather and polite things like that; there are so many serious things to speak of, especially, I am sure, between you and me.' . . . At first I was a little lost. She was so terribly earnest, and I could not help remembering that I had been told she was a woman of genius. Besides, she was jumping up and down all the time to see if the children were out of harm's way in the garden.

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"She left me again to get tea. At last I was emboldened to ask to see some of her work, which fortunately I recollect was wood-carving; and I had to admire a very commonplace pillar for a bedstead and several designs. 'But I've had so little time for work since I was married,' she said. However, I praised everything. I admired the view; I praised the children, who now came in and, scenting a visitor as their legitimate prey, scrambled all over me with that disgusting familiarity which I hate about children. I think there were three of them—anyhow, they were all girls—but they rushed about so quickly that, like the Irishman's famous pig, I couldn't make sure of counting them rightly. One extreme infant contributed to the commotion by screaming vigorously, and would not be appeased. Mrs. Rawlings sat by my side, trying to talk and not to appear confused by the uproar, an abstracted mother. I nodded away as cheerfully as I could; and after the children had left most of their tea about my clothes, unrebuked (the tea-set, by the way, had been designed and executed in silver by Mrs. Rawlings), I thought I could decently retire.

"The next day I discovered an aimless-looking child in the garden, and received a packet from her. It contained religious and philosophical poems by a local bootmaker, and 'Would I be kind enough to give her my candid opinion of them?'

"Like a fool, I did; and had to go there to do so. She looked rather disappointed at first, but cheered up when I said I'd see if I could do anything with them, as I knew one or two editors who liked that sort of stuff. Sarcasm was lost on her; she asked me to call again....

"Two days later (I had been ambushed by her meanwhile as I unwittingly passed the Handicraft establishment) I received a note. 'Do come to tea to-day. I've some interesting people coming whom I should so like you to meet.' I went. I was beginning to be shamelessly curious about Mrs. Rawlings—and you know I write now and then in my spare moments. Also her extraordinary futility seemed to exercise some dread fascination over me. . . . The 'interesting people' were the instructor at the Art School, the manageress of the Guild, and a coloured youth of eighteen or so who was converting Mrs. Rawlings to his religion. I must explain that for some time she had been a Christian Scientist, but apparently the doctrines of Baha'u'llah had spread doubts in her mind. . . . The Handicraft lady in olive green was good enough to explain how *splendid* Mrs. Rawlings was in helping on their endeavour,

and what a *wonderful* idea her new simplified dress was (she had one on herself). They wanted to persuade all the shopgirls of the town to take it up; it was so much cheaper. Unfortunately, that scheme was progressing slowly, as only Mrs. Rawlings knew how to make the dresses; consequently the output was very limited. . . . Was I interested in pottery? And oh, *would* I like to learn weaving? They had a little loom down at the shop, and a master weaver was coming in a few days to give a hurried course of lessons—if they could get enough people willing to learn. . . . She talked on. The garden was invitingly green. My hostess was deep in a technical conversation with the bland Art Instructor; the Persian sat smiling orientally. The children—thank Heaven!—had been sent away into the garden. . . . Mrs. Rawlings at last turned to the smiling youth. 'Won't you tell us some more about your religion, Mr. Dos-rami?' she asked. . . .

"I never quite knew how it happened, but after this Mrs. Rawlings took me quite to her heart. She was incessantly occupied, and I met her wherever I went. The only places where she wasn't were houses where I was bored to death; so I had no alternative. She had always something new to tell me, one of the children's sayings ('Do you know,' she would say, 'I often think children are really *so* much wiser than we think they are!'), her dress-making troubles and the difficulty of making the shopgirls see how much cheaper and more useful her dresses were; she spoke hopefully of the weaving and of how her work was being taken up by a lady of title. . . . And would I go to breakfast on Sunday? She had Sunday breakfasts for the Initiated. She also sent me various pamphlets forwarded from the Persian youth. . . . She confided to me, too, that she had a symbolic colour for each day of the week; on Fridays, for instance, she was affected in a peculiarly green manner. She knew a man who had translated the *Aeneid* of Virgil into dots and splashes of water-colour. Wasn't it wonderful? . . . The last thing she told me before I left was that she had actually heard flowers talking—not speech, you know, but a kind of faint indefinable music. . . .

"What she must be doing now with Belgian refugees I daren't imagine! . . .

"Oh, yes, I did see her husband. He was a Professor somewhere—of Economics or Higher Mathematics, I don't know which. Anyway, he spent all his time compiling statistics. I caught sight of him once, a pale bird-faced creature with sparse hair and straggling moustache—eyeglasses, of course. He was just shutting his study door hurriedly behind him as I entered the front door. . . ."

GERALD MILLER.



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WITH RICHARD MIDDLETON IN BRUSSELS.

The owner of one of those narrow-gutted little tramp steamers which in times of peace used to ply between London and Brussels having invited us to cross the water with him, Middleton and I found ourselves one warm June night making our way down Thames from St. Katharine's by the Tower. For luggage we had a small wicker basket containing chiefly loaves and Burgundy, and it was with something of a "head" that I awoke at daybreak off Flushing and asked one of the crew to turn the hose on me. And then a strange thing happened. In the distance, perhaps a mile away, a boat of some four thousand tons suddenly rammed a larger boat, and there they were, both of them, before my astonished eyes, locked together. I called up the other men to view the spectacle, of course; our captain, with thoughts of salvage, his face aglow, headed towards the scene of the accident, and presently we were standing by while the two boats were disengaged from their fatal embrace, and the rammed vessel, her decks laden with green ploughs, slid beneath the waters. The captain of the other vessel did not require our help. He told us so with the choicest "bad language" it has ever been my lot to hear, and, with appropriate repartee from our own captain, we made for Flushing and the Scheldt.

Just beyond Antwerp is the canal which makes possible this journey by water. We turned into it, purring gently on in the calm of evening, and the next morning were alongside the quay at Brussels. It occurred to me, when travelling through Belgium by train some years afterwards, that the sight of barges and other craft gliding seemingly across the meadows may have suggested to Middleton his well-known story, *The Ghost Ship*; in which, it will be remembered, the pirate is blown inland to anchor in a field of turnips. A materialistic explanation of the beginnings of a singularly imaginative story, it may be thought, but there it is!

In Brussels we called on Georges Eckhoud, Abel Torçy, Maurice Blieck, and other literary men and artists of our acquaintance. I hope Georges Eckhoud is bearing up under the rule of the Germans. At the time of which I am writing it was our delight to sit with him of evenings drinking Geuse Lambic in obscure cafés and listening to his urbane wisdom on life and letters. Does he still give his University lectures, I wonder? That the curse is over the city none can doubt. Literary Bohemia has little in common with the stodgy, professorial spirit of Kultur, and less with that of the dogs and devils who now swagger in the Avenue Louise. It is to be presumed that "the master" and his circle meet, if they meet at all, under the shadow these days. We in England who may still see things "done at the Mermaid" do not

realise what it must be to have to think twice before giving vent to wit and fancy. Here are no spies and no danger of having to explain unguarded utterances to unimaginative authority. If on occasions military gentlemen in cafés throw a cold eye on any expression of individuality they may be ignored.

So with good company, picture galleries, second-hand book shops, and caffs with the string bands Middleton was fond of, we spent the holiday, and were so taken with the place we decided the year following to return and settle down there. But this time we were all for "the adventure of literature" and economy. Middleton took it very seriously, as indeed well he might: it was now a question of his living entirely by his pen. In our cheap but good lodgings he would sit and grind out articles the while I sought tranquillity of mind in the Musée. Poetry he could not or would not write in those days. He was too poor, he said. Once I found him raging up and down the room with a cheap copy of Wilde's *Intentions* we had picked up somewhere. "Lies!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing, "it's all lies! And you believe in him!" Later on, when I was back in England, he wrote: "I've been reading *Le Prophète* again, and still think he made of it a last rampart to protect his arrogance." Another *vete noir* was Shaw, whom, however, he disposed of in *The Biography of a Superman*, published after his death in *The Ghost Ship*. Of his literary favourites he admired most, perhaps, Anatole France, though critical of that author's lack of form. *Le Jeune Homme*, he said once, was his *Bible*, the pessimistic last chapter especially fascinating him. It is not surprising that he was attracted also to Zola's *L'Œuvre* and Gissing's *New Grub Street*. There is a characteristic passage on Zola from one of his notebooks:—

Zola's women are as sentimental, as tearfully false as Dickens heroines. It is extraordinary that so clever a man should have known so little about them. *Le Débâcle* is an astonishing failure. The tragedy, perhaps, was too real for him. *L'Œuvre*—admirable book that no artist ought to read. Claude is Manet. Sandoz is Zola himself. The real moral seems to me to be that genius produces nothing, because the expression must always fall short of the dream. Art is an imperfect thing, and genius cannot tolerate imperfection. But the human man says: "Oh, well, perhaps it's good enough. And so it is, sometimes."

An "admirable book that no artist ought to read"! It is the remark to be expected of one who had sung of

this dead world

Wherein I hold a child's uncertainties
and who was presently to do away with himself. That so rare a singer had no substantial faith of his own seems inexplicable. And now he is dead, as we call it; his body, at any rate, buried hard by the alien city that called him.

No triumph and no labour and no lust,
Only dead yew leaves and a little dust.

He would have accepted those lines for their pagan beauty; would have shrugged his shoulders impatiently at any questioning of them. And yet what worlds unknown in—a little dust!

H. S.

THE ACADEMY.

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE'S NOVELS

Is a new technique possible for the English novel? The genuinely fresh atmosphere of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "The White Peacock," the result of an original method, stimulates our faith in the unimpaired fertility of this form of literature. The reader has to infer the purport of "The White Peacock" as in life he detects the aim and thought of people by the recurrent fractions of speech, the superficies of action, through which, most frequently, they hint at inner truth. There are no inserted wedges of psychology to join up and explain deeds and motives. Hence we have a curious casualness of narration, and a style that is cinematographic in so far as scenes continually flit by with little more direct interpretation than will piece the tale together. This link is provided by a narrator speaking in the first person, subject to the inconsistency that he tells not only his own interwoven sections of the story but also portions that would be inaccessible to him. A minor discrepancy is that the speaker is forced to discuss the love-making of his sister, the heroine, in a fashion distasteful to the fraternal mouth. In exchange for these breaches of prescribed technique we get free and sparkling change of action, conversation of unimpeded liveliness, and a brilliant verisimilitude. In addition, we meet for the first time an audacious habit of baring to the view thoughts and sensations usually judged incommunicable.

When these discoveries have been digested, the reader is left wondering, What is the story's significance? Is it that the White Peacock should have refrained from flaunting her gifted beauty before the young farmer, George Saxton; that by arousing in him unmanageable needs she gave the start to the subtle degradation that finally brought him to ruin? No, for her play of vanity was excusable; also, events follow from such an intangible interplay of character and incident that you can scarcely blame any of the actors. It seems chiefly a matter of fate and temperament. Given this group of highly sensitised men and women in contact with a pagan Midland yeomanry, and, amid such circumstances, the issues might work out thus, quite conceivably, in life. Is it that to refuse to exploit our idiosyncrasy is the better course in life? No; in this novel he who plunges is no worse off than he who quails. Are we to take the story merely as a Synge "picture of life"? No, for a novel is rarely written without suggesting at least the author's view. A writer's exercise of selection alone usually yields an infer-

ence. The inference I draw is that aesthetic intelligence and susceptibility do not make for happiness and advancement unless judiciously handled by their possessors, and that, as a rule, such qualities are not so handled.

In some respects "The Trespasser," too, is new in method. The first chapter arouses instant sympathy for the rebuffed suitor, Cecil Byrne; it wakes at the same time the reader's resentment against Helena Verden, his sweetheart, because she will not forget her dead lover, the violinist, Siegmund McNair, against whom also hostility is felt for casting from the realm of the dead a shadow over the lot of living lovers. Then deftly the book recapitulates the "trespass," Siegmund's love idyll with Helena. At first you rebel at the lengthening recital by which you are being transported from your initial mood; but soon the suspense serves to strengthen the interest. Gradually you acquire a profound affection for Siegmund, and beget a jealous regard for his rights, till actually you come to feel you will hate Helena if she dares to forget Siegmund's sacrifice of his life. Through an adroit manipulation of your sympathies the author has secured an entire readjustment of your view. Yet now, just as sympathy has ripened for the trespassers, you are made to suffer another conversion. The concluding chapters, reverting to the original period, show McNair's family overlaying his memory with new and varied interests. Helena, with woman's versatility of passion, simultaneously lures Byrne and succumbs to the solace he offers. You acquiesce in this submersion of a noble character under the tides of existence; you acquiesce in woman's feline hunger for a mate, which is in accord with Nature's demands. You realise helplessly that you have been led by the author to such imaginative insight into changing phases of character as is generally conferred only by actual experience. Twice you have forsaken your own judgments and accepted the revaluations of the novelist. As before, Mr. Lawrence sets up no doctrine. One must from this novel, as from many books of the younger novelists, pluck out a vague import that is lodged in it by virtue of this record and that incident being presented while others are suppressed.

The descriptive richness is on a par with the power of the narrative. Mr. Lawrence writes with a phosphorescent pen. He dwells sensuously in a verbal and imaginative ecstasy. Landscapes, physical objects, he often dilatingly represents as if they were transfused by some visible spirit that edges

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man and rock and plant with an aura. Then, when he is probing inwardly into his characters, he pictures the emotional and the spiritual with a physical metaphor so vivid and minute that we seem to be gazing under a lifted flap of skin at bared secrets of the human organism. The minor characters are crisply drawn; but with the protagonists we are sometimes conscious of failure, due to a conception and delineation too intensive. Siegmund, Helena, and characters of the other books are so impregnated with the author's own nervous fire that they become partially unreal and intolerable. It is impossible to continue on healthy terms in a book or in life with such people. They are so fine spun and so cross spun in their emotions and susceptibilities that if you touch them you prickle as with electricity. Each has the magnetic field of an armature, and when Mr. Lawrence sets that armature going, it is "ware shocks!"

Though "Sons and Lovers" is the acknowledged masterpiece, we feel that other writers could more nearly approach this than the two first books. In a sense one is sorry to see those magnificent innovations obscured by this staid triumph of accredited technique. Nevertheless, we must admit its supremacy, for it is a triumph. The ever-hovering mysticism, which, to my thinking, clouded the atmosphere of the earlier writing, has thinned and revealed action and setting of life-like reality and interest. It is the serene prowess of a master which thus, in nice gradation, describes the growth and decline of affections in the Morel family; the florid decadence of miner Morel, the father, and the induration of his refined wife, under stress of mutual intolerance; the miracle of reciprocal love between Paul Morel and his mother; the wavering but persistent searchlight of Paul's passion, pathetically seeking permanence in transience; the steadily irradiated scenes in mining village and provincial town. Conventional technique, after all, has been the medium of the author's mature faculty; and it has justified the choice, keeping free of any save the slightest errors. Such are over-elaboration of character as exemplified by the needless complexity attributed to the Lievers brothers; an indulgence in finicking detail for whole pages, followed by the curt dismissal of more cogent items in a single sentence; and an occasional morbidity posturing as art—for instance, the painful depiction of Mrs. Morel's illness and death, where the wonder of the prose becomes a horror. These few typical blemishes are rendered negligible by an achievement so fine. Yet, were it not for the divine pluck shown

by Mrs. Morel in her battle with life, we should be dissatisfied. And that because Mr. Lawrence characteristically leaves his hero in ignoble perplexity. In "The White Peacock" the vanity of men and women leads them into a jungle whence daylight has vanished; in the second book the trespassers, large and small, are imprisoned in the stockade of their own sins; in "Sons and Lovers" the hero is left futilely afloat on the sea of life, which engulfed him before he had learnt to swim and then covered up his landmark. Such negation of statement is unpleasing. Here is not the place to discuss what purpose a novel should serve. I merely remark that the apprehension of such human ineffectuality is misleading and hurtful, and it is not the primary duty of a novel to waken a sense of fruitless spiritual pain. The accepted mode has not, any better than the earlier forms he essayed, permitted Mr. Lawrence to combine with the vital interest of his novels an envisagement of life philosophically gratifying or an elucidation fortifying or even positive.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

AN ETERNAL LITERARY QUARREL.

The old literary quarrel was between the classic and the romantic, more crudely formulated as between the ancient and the modern (for to some the ancient was always the classical). Swift in his own manner dealt with this antagonism in his "Battle of the Books"; and this was really the spirit behind the controversy waged by Byron and Bowles, in which the smaller man had more right upon his side. Today Romanticism may be supposed to have conquered completely; the past century was a prolonged triumph of the Romantic. But there has long been another opposition to face, the opposition of the extreme realist, the naturalist, the futurist. Pure Romanticism, the romance of chivalry and feudalism, received its death-wound at the Reformation, but it lingered long enough to be killed outright by the French Revolution. Even then it declined to acknowledge that it was dead and ought to be decently buried; there were spurious revivals of what we may term the *jejune* romantic. But true romanticism, as an element of all art, is something very different from its mere trappings of tinsel and old armour; it is an imperishable artistic principle, and has never been absent from literature, though it was necessary for the nineteenth century to re-enunciate it. It is the spirit that seeks

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and selects the beautiful, that breathes a fairer atmosphere than "the light of common day"; it is the soul of symbolism, that finds an inward and spiritual grace in things of matter. The true antagonist of this is not classicism at all, but the crudely realistic-materialism as opposed to the spiritual. Men have confronted the classic with the romantic as though these two were the natural and eternal enemies; but in so far as both are vital they are merely differing manifestations of the same good, the same beauty, and the difference is far more of manner than of matter. Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, whom we now regard as classics, were as romantic in spirit as Shakespeare, Scott, or Goethe. We may attribute to the classic a greater dignity of style, but the themes treated are substantially the same—they are the perpetual questions and mysteries and longings of humanity, whatever things agitate the breasts and confuse the lives of suffering men and women. There is no real quarrel between the true classic and the true romantic, unless it be a quarrel of style. Even Pope, who wrote of Abelard and of the "unfortunate lady," was often thoroughly romantic in his subjects, except when he turned to satire, which is always rhetorical rather than poetic.

Realism is sometimes regarded as the child of modern romanticism; but realism is in fact a permanent type of literary or artistic treatment, and is as old as articulate humanity. In a moderate degree it has shared in all the literary triumphs of the classic and the romantic. We may if we please consider romanticism as the choice of a subject, classicism as the choice of style or language, and realism as fidelity to nature. In this sense they are by no means antagonistic. But what we now know as realism goes farther than this; it is the literal fidelity of the photographer, not the selective fidelity of the artist. If a man plants his camera amid scenes of ugliness and filth, he may produce a faithful picture, but he has not produced a work of art. Art is really the gift of seeing, and in some sort it transforms what it sees. It gives us the soul of a scene or of an action, not the mere shell. Unmitigated realism takes everything as it finds it, and seems rather to glory in finding the ugly and the loathsome. At its worst it ministers to the depraved tastes of every sense, and tries to vindicate the nauseation by its boast of fidelity. But literal fidelity may yet in essence be unfaithful.

The true mission of art is to find the beautiful, and it is concerned with truth in so far as truth is one with beauty. It has to show us what the spirit

of man sees, not simply what his fleshly eye beholds. The true artist is seer, prophet, teacher; but his primary duty is to see and to give sight to others. It must be moral in the sense of having a meaning; sheer realism has often no meaning at all, being simply naked portraiture. We never need to be trained to see the ugly; we often need to be trained to see the good and the beautiful. Art is a culture of the spirit, not a mere mastery of technique; it must have an ideal or its dry bones can never live. When we speak of romanticism we mean the ideal, which need by no means be the unreal; we mean the living permanence of beauty, of spiritual suggestion and desire. Art is the spiritual, realism in its extreme is nothing but the materialistic. And because it is a killing of the spirit, we have to condemn it as decadence. There is no such vital quarrel as this between the classic and the true romantic. But the battle between the spiritual and the material is constant and has endured through the ages. For the sake of all that is good in whatever art, let us fight "on the side of the angels"; let us crave the art that selects the beautiful, not ignoring sorrow and darkness, but not seeking the dirty, the stagnant, the hopeless, the degraded. True art must always be on the side of the Eternal Hope.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THE DRUM.

There was once a young man of the tribe calling themselves the Ravens, who was held in scorn by warrior and huntsman. Not only did he show a strange indifference towards all matters pertaining to chase and combat, but he withdrew himself from the society of his brother Ravens, and communed often with an old Squirrel man who wandered on the hillsides. This old man, in his simple way, had made a study of rhythm, from the rhythm of the love-seasons to the rhythm of the full-moon dance, and it was he who taught the musicians how to beat in cadence on the little drums they held between their knees. From him the young man learned the art of making drums and of playing on them with polished bones. And the warriors called him Wauga, the Fool, despising him as one of no worth.

Now the old man died on the hillside, and Wauga, making lament, covered the body with great stones, and sat there, right sorrowful, eating no food, for three days and three nights. Whereat the warriors laughed exceedingly.

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But Wauga, returning home, set himself to make a drum of surpassing size and resonance. Never before had the mind of man conceived of such a drum. It was bowl-shaped, made of wood, with bands of metal, and there were holes in the rim through which passed the sinews that held the tightly stretched skin in position. Barkachee, leader of the fighting-men, came in person to scoff at Wauga as he busied himself with the instrument. When might it be heard? he asked—at what midnight dance of the king-bulls?

"At a dance wherein thy feet shall move more swiftly than is their wont," replied Wauga.

And Barkachee laughed till his great muscles shook, and carried the word of the Fool to the warriors. But everyone took an interest in the drum, and all wondered how it was that Wauga had not even essayed one little tap thereon, and were curious to hear it sound, for surely, they said, it would be like Kaborra, the thunder.

One evening, towards dusk, Wauga raised the great drum on his shoulders, and walked away through the long shadows on the hillside. And in three days Wauga and his drum were forgotten.

On the fourth day a wild-eyed, wild-haired woman ran swiftly into the Raven camp at dawn. She was a Raven girl, and had been won in marriage by a young chief of the Wolf tribe—for those were exogamous days. Now, she told them, her husband had beaten her and had mocked at the King-Raven, the god of the tribe, and she claimed the protection of the warriors.

Presently came the young Wolf man, and demanded his wife. But Barkachee, with the priest of the King-Raven, smiling, refused; so the young man, after raising his left hand towards the sky, in sign of defiance, returned to his tribe.

Then Barkachee and his warriors prepared for the fight, and the priests held up the battle-axes before the King-Raven and sang the war-chant.

At mid-day a Wolf man sprang upon a great rock in face of the Ravens. There he stood and uttered a long and terrible cry. Then Barkachee, striding forward alone, halted at a little distance from his group of fighting-men, and he too shouted, so that the women of the tribe trembled and little children began to whimper. And now another Wolf man stood beside the first, and one of Barkachee's warriors came and stood beside him, and soon the two lines of warriors fronted each other.

Then all shouted together, running forward, and the fight began.

The women of the tribe, and the priests singing the war song, stood and watched, and as they watched they saw the Raven men falling, and the lament of the women mingled with the fierce chanting of the priests.

Right sturdily fought Barkachee, the sweat pouring from his great limbs, and his eyes red with the agony of combat. With his own hand he slew twelve Wolf men, yet his own men fell fast. The warriors fought silently now, breathing hard; while behind them the shrill cries of the women and the singing of the priests sounded like voices of despair.

When evening came there were but a score of Raven fighters left. And Barkachee forced his way this way and that way, hacking and cleaving, but his breath came in sobs, and the chief of the Wolves, Karjuru, was taunting him already.

"Dance yet more nimbly, Barkachee!" he cried. "To-night thou shalt dance in the shades with Duba, the bride of the dead."

And Barkachee groaned, for he felt his strength failing.

At dusk the Wolf men set up a great shout. They had won. Only twelve Raven warriors were still fighting.

But from the hillside behind the camp of the Ravens came a sound, more terrible than any sound yet heard by men. It was the throbbing and booming of a drum; and when the Wolf men heard it, cold fear fell upon them, so terrible was the sound.

Then Barkachee, looking full in the face of Karjuru, smote him so that his head crumbled beneath the blow.

Nearer came the drum, and the thunder-note drove panic into the hearts of the Wolf men, so that they turned and ran, and the twelve warriors, full of the strength of victory, smote and slew them—of all the Wolf warriors there remained not one alive.

And Wauga, with the great drum slung before him, walked on the battle-ground, slowly, because the drum hindered him. And the sound of the drum roared and rolled among the hills, and the face of Wauga as he stood among the dead was like a face cut out of stone.

C. E. V.

The first complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson* will be published this autumn by Mr. Elkin Mathews, including some hitherto unprinted pieces and numerous verses now collected for the first time, in addition to the contents of the two volumes issued by the publisher some twenty years ago.

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REVIEWS.

SUGAR CAINE.

The Drama of 365 days. By HALL CAINE. (Heinemann). 1s. net.

This is a wonderful shillingsworth in more senses than one. Nobody but Mr. Hall Caine could give us for a shilling a portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, "reproduced for this volume by special permission of His Majesty the King"; a dedication to "the young manhood of the British Empire"; and a preliminary note which runs as follows:—

Reprinted with certain additions from the *Daily Telegraph* with the cordial approval of the proprietors.

The cordial approval of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* is worth a shilling in itself. And on top of all this Mr. Caine gives us at least two shillingsworth of what he himself calls: "Scenes in the Great War," not to mention an excellent cloth cover with Mr. Heinemann's windmill stamped on it. We have never seen better "value" for a shilling even at Selfridge's. But when it comes to the question of merit, in the literary and intellectual sense, we get from Mr. Hall Caine precisely what we might expect to get; that is to say, much which is intended to show us what a fearful affair the present War is, and what a great people the English are, and what a highly intelligent, emotional, widely-travelled and socially important gentleman Mr. Hall Caine is. He has hobbed and nobbed with Cabinet Ministers, and seems to have had speech with the Kaiser; and, as for the Crown Prince, Mr. Hall Caine himself, "in common with many others, saw the descendant of the Fredericks every day for several weeks of several years, at a distance that called for no intellectual field glasses." Which, of course, impinges on the marvellous. And now let us see what it was that Mr. Hall Caine saw:—

I saw a young man without a particle of natural distinction, whether physical, moral or mental. The figure, long rather than tall; the hatchet face, the selfish eyes, the meaningless mouth, the retreating forehead, the vanishing chin, the energy that expressed itself merely in restless movement, achieving little, and often aiming at nothing at all; the uncultivated intellect, the narrow views of life and the world; the morbid craving for change, for excitement of any sort; the indifference to other peoples' feelings, the shockingly bad manners, the assumption of a right to disregard and even to outrage the common conventions on which social intercourse depends—all this was, so far as my observation enabled me to judge, only too plainly apparent in the person of the Crown Prince.

In the present state of our relations with Germany it is, of course, very right and proper that Mr. Hall Caine should be filled with contempt for

the idiot lad who was formerly heir to the German throne. But there is a little of the spirit of fair play left in England even in war-time, and we shall not be surprised if quite a number of persons who read Mr. Caine's scathing pen-picture will not wonder to themselves how it comes to pass that as he has been seeing "the descendant of the Fredericks every day for several weeks of several years, at a distance that called for no intellectual field-glasses," he failed to tell us all about him before the War broke out. Of course it is now the safest thing in the world to kick the Crown Prince round the houses in shilling books, but we should have liked Mr. Hall Caine all the better if he had done it in peace time. Mr. Caine's book, however, is not entirely taken up with nasty smacks at people who are under a cloud just now. It contains a good deal of passable sentiment relieved with occasional glimpses of sound sense. But Mr. Caine makes the mistake of all the popular novelists. He imagines that because he can write and sell middling fiction his opinion on large international matters must be profound and valuable. We can assure him that this is an error.

The Pentecost of Calamity. By OWEN WISTER. (Macmillan.) 2s. net.

Mr. Owen Wister has followed the example of a number of novelists in this country who, having a series of novels of varying literary excellence to their credit, imagine that their talents should now be utilised in matters of international politics. Like our Mr. Wells, Mr. Wister has a knowledge of Germany derived from several holidays spent there. He is a conscientious but an unhappy American. His European friends have asked him for an explanation of the American attitude towards German methods of warfare. "I cannot tell what George Washington would have thought," he writes, "I only know that my answer to my European friends leaves them unconvinced—and therefore how can it satisfy me?" Mr. Wister has placed his dissatisfactions on record in this little book, and to give him his due, he has done so with candour. He describes impressions of Nauheim:—

"In Nauheim the admirable courtyard of the bath-houses was matched by the admirable system within. . . . Nothing was far from anything: the baths, the doctors, the hotels, the music, the tennis courts, the lake, the golf links—all were fitted into a scheme laid out with marvellous capability. . . . Such was living in Nauheim. Dying, I feel sure, was equally well arranged; it was never allowed to obtrude itself on living. . . ."

Mr. Wister's American enthusiasms for German organisation led him to the following conclusion:—

"Suppose a soul arrived on earth from another world,

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wholly ignorant of earth, without any mortal ties whatever, were given its choice after a survey of the nations, which it should be born in and belong to? In May, June and July, 1914, my choice would have been, not France, not England, not America, but Germany."

But Mr. Wister's "spiritual home" betrayed his trust, and now his talk is all of Prussians. We do not dispute his view that the Prussians are the villains of the piece, but we cannot help the reflection that Mr. Wister has missed the force of his lesson. That well-drilled social being of Germany of which he writes with lingering enthusiasm still remains to him in vivid contrast to the spiritual corruptions which have manifested themselves since July, 1914. He continues to imagine that it is remarkable for a country so exquisitely organised that even dying is "well arranged" to be corrupted by the materialistic and brazen soul of Prussia. In the concluding chapters Mr. Wister turns his attention to America and sheds an appropriate tear.

"... certain it is that not as we see ourselves but as others see us, so shall we forever be. Certain it is also, and eternally, that through suffering alone men and nations find their greater selves."

Which is all very true. But when Mr. Wister goes on to express a hope that if the war brings home to America

"that we now sit in the council of nations and share directly in the general responsibility for the world's well-being... our talk about the brotherhood of man may progress from rhetoric towards realisation"

we must say that for our part we think that this "talk about the brotherhood of man" is more likely to remain as sentimentalism.

The North Sea and Other Poems. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Stacpoole is the author of a good book called *The Blue Lagoon*, and of a better book than *The Blue Lagoon* called *The Street of the Fluteplayer*, the comeliness of which we shall not forget while we love literature. Mr. Stacpoole, in short, is a man of parts, and that is why he should not have allowed his publishers to print in this his volume of verse an extract from the *Daily Express* to the effect that "Villon has waited four hundred years for his translator" (meaning Mr. Stacpoole) "and he has found him." The statement is not true, and if Mr. Stacpoole thinks his work is better than that of Swinburne he has yet much to learn. And we have another bone to pick with Mr. Stacpoole. We find him writing of Robert Louis Stevenson's "usual crass misunderstanding of Villon and his works," which expression of opinion betrays a misunderstanding—we will not say a crass misunderstanding—of Robert

Louis Stevenson. The man who wrote *A Lodging for the Night*—one of the best short stories in our language—knew more of Villon than Mr. Stacpoole is ever likely to know. For the rest, Mr. Stacpoole is a very tolerable writer of verse. He paints good pictures with words, his Villon translations are able translations, and if, as a reviewer, we had not received a complimentary copy of his work, we should have bought it and not regretted the expenditure of three and sixpence.

The Precipice. By IVAN GONCHAROV. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 6s.

In the preface to this work the anonymous translator, having admitted an unfavourable comparison between the writings of Goncharov and those of Turgenev, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, goes on to say that the reason that Goncharov is "much less known to the western reader is also due to the fact that there was nothing sensational either in his life or his literary method." The word "sensational" in the sense of its common usage is not one we ourselves should apply to the literary method of either Turgenev or Dostoyevsky. These writers often made use of melodramatic situations, but their characterisation is so minutely and simultaneously developed with the action of a story that an effect of intensity is produced which is unknown to western writers. The method of Goncharov is nearer to that of Turgenev. Dostoyevsky's unabashed revelation of character, whatever its fantasy or depth, gives place to the employment of mystery both in the development of plot and of character itself. Realisation of suffering or renunciation appear as an inevitable dénouement, but with Goncharov the story is broken off according to the dictates of climax, while Dostoyevsky is concerned with a larger plan which entails that his character should go on with its development regardless of the fall of the dramatic curtain. *The Precipice* is a remarkable story, full of dramatic and powerful situations, and it is told in the Slavonic way, whereby introspection is added to romanticism. We may recommend it as a very interesting addition to our knowledge of Russian writers, who, although they do not possess the tremendous qualities of Dostoyevsky, fully demonstrate the peculiar narrative strength characteristic of Russian fiction.

Mr. Fisher Unwin announces a study of *Contemporary Belgian Literature*, by Jethro Bithell, with extracts from the leading authors.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

When was it, and by whom, that the liquor interest was first called distinctively "The Trade"?—Bishop Weldon in the *Spectator*.

The name of Dr. J. William White, an eminent medical man of Philadelphia, is already well known to English readers.—*Spectator*.

It can scarcely be expected that the most omnivorous reader will be able to keep abreast of all the voluminous war literature of the day.—*Spectator*.

Strikes in a time of national danger are decisive proofs that our schools have been defective.—*Saturday Review*.

The study of previous failures and the lessons afforded thereby have not been lost upon the Great General Staff in Berlin.—*Saturday Review*.

Read superficially, the British Museum Library might still leave the student a barbarian.—R. H. C. in the *New Age*.

I have just been spending a week with Blake; and the qualities of the man still surprise me.—R. H. C. in the *New Age*.

The "Nineteenth Century and After" could not well be bettered.—*Saturday Review*.

One hardly likes to consider what some of our heroic men have had to suffer in their brief visits to England.—*Saturday Review*.

If the gentle reader read my article last week he may remember that I set out to find fault with my own country . . .—Ezra Pound.

We associate Richard Le Gallienne in our minds with a certain youthful, almost boyish, abandon.—Holbrook Jackson.

UNIVERSITY MAN (27), novelist, lonely, desires correspondence with bright, vivacious and artistic young lady.—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

Your three poems are very good. I have altered a line in the penultimate stanza of "Illusions," because you have a rhyme in the middle of the line. I cannot understand how you can make such a mistake. Is it carelessness, or lack of ear, or what?—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

THE LONG NOSE.

Women who look much in a mirror see nothing of themselves.

I could laugh at life but that I wish to live. Curious that the possession of the truth addicts one so to lying!

Life is a comedy to those who drink, a tragedy to those who reel.

Does the man with nothing in him discover his deficiency?

Some people want nothing and will do anything to get it.

If all that is necessary is to be human we must burn the humanitarians.

It is as well to remember that those who ask questions are not making statements.

A modern variation: Suffer little Rothschilds to come unto me.

Don't leave things to the God you don't believe in.

What we shout on the housetops we shall one day repent of in the secrecy of our chambers.

Some children called on me to borrow potatoes. I filled a small basket and was asked to cover it with paper: "It didn't look nice to carry them uncovered on a Sunday."

"It would be all right if they were apples?" I quizzed.

"Oh, yes, it would be all right if they were apples."

H. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BELLES LETTRES.

Poets and Puritans. By T. R. Glover. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.

The Pentecost of Calamity. By Owen Wister. (Macmillan.) 2s. net.

Vanishing Roads. By Richard le Gallienne. (Putnam.) 6s. net.

FICTION.

The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.) 6s.

The Precipice. By Ivan Goncharov. (Hodder.) 6s.

Money's Worth. By F. Bancroft. (Hodder.) 6s.

Out of her Depth. By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

Christian Derrick. By Beatrice Stott. (Chatto & Windus.) 6s.

Looking for Grace. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (Lane.) 6s.

Susan Proudfleigh. By Herbert G. de Lisser. (Methuen.) 6s.

Michael O'Halloran. By Gene Stratton-Porter. (Murray.) 6s.

Barnavaux. By Pierre Mille. (Lane.) 3s. 6d. net.

The Ashiel Mystery. By Mrs. Charles Price. (Lane.) 6s.

The Evil Day. By Lady Troubridge. (Methuen.) 6s.

Something Fresh. By P. G. Wodehouse. (Methuen.) 6s.

The Elixir of Life. By Arthur Ransome. (Methuen.) 6s.

Crainquebille. By Anatole France. (Lane.) 6s.

GENERAL.

The Drama of 365 Days. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.) 1s. net.

Alcohol and the Human Body. By Sir Victor Horsley and May D. Sturge, M.D., Lond. (Macmillan.) 1s. net.

Ireland: Vital Hour. By Arthur Lynch, M.P. (Stanley Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

A First Book of Arithmetic. S. Lisker, B.Sc. (Macmillan.)

Keys to the Baskish Verb in Leizarragas New Testament, A.D. 1571. By E. S. Dodgson, M.A. (Oxford University Press.) 30s. net,

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